Silver Surprise

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/43750305.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Theodore Nott/Harry Potter
Characters:	Theodore Nott, Harry Potter
Additional Tags:	Fluff, very very very light angst, Getting Together, Hogwarts Fifth Year, Dumbledore's Army, Expecto Patronum | Patronus Charm (Harry Potter), Mistletoe, Kissing, Translation Available, Discord: HP Rare Pairs, HSS Rare Pairs Exchange 2022
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of HP Shorts: Under 10k
Collections:	HP Secret Santa Rare Pairs 2022
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-22 Words: 1,074 Chapters: 1/1

Silver Surprise

by lumosatnight

Summary

Theo joins the DA in Fifth Year, much to everyone's surprise. His corporeal Patronus leaves Harry intrigued.

Notes

Translation into Russian available: Silver Surprise by zaynnviktoria

Dearest Shiaya, I love your art style and the heartfelt feeling present in all of your illustrations. I was so excited to write this for you when I heard you like NottPott! Here is some fluff with a teensy tiny bit of angst set during Book 5. Happy Holidays! 🎅🎄🎁

Also, thank you leftsidedown for the super speedy beta read!

“What the bloody hell are they doing here?” Ron glared at the pair of Slytherins lingering at the door to the Room of Requirement.

“I invited them,” Luna replied placidly. She wore a pair of black and white spiralling sunglasses. Harry had to look away, lest he be hypnotised accidentally.

“Can we trust them?” Hermione’s brows were so tightly furrowed they were practically glued together.

“I trust them,” Luna said firmly, “and you trust me.”

“Luna, that’s not the same thing —”

“Just have them sign the list.” Harry glanced at Theo and Millicent standing off on their own. They didn’t look dangerous, but looks could be deceiving. Harry knew from experience.

He turned back to the group and shrugged. “What’s the worst that could happen?”

“Expecto Patronum,” Harry recited, waving his wand. A great silver stag leapt from the tip and pranced around the room for everyone to see. Even with no Dementors present, it was a difficult spell. He wondered how the rest of the DA members would fare.

“Alright, everyone, let’s pair up.”

The room was soon filled with shouts and silvery wisps of light. Harry weaved between groups, correcting grips and tilting elbows. Cho smiled at him as he passed, and Harry ducked his head, confused.

When he got to Theo and Millicent's corner, he paused to watch. Everyone was giving the two Slytherins a wide berth. Trustworthy or not, no one wanted to mess with the snakes. Luckily, Harry could speak Parseltongue.

"Your posture is too stiff," Harry said, coming up behind them. He reached out to tap Theo on the shoulder.

Theo jumped and dropped his wand. "Erm, sorry." He scrambled to pick it up.

"Hey," Harry said, "It's okay. Just relax, alright?" He gently laid his hand on Theo's shoulder, gratified when it wasn't shrugged off right away. "No one's going to hurt you here. We — I — trust you."

As Harry walked off to the next group, he couldn't help but notice the red blotches starting on Theo's cheeks and spreading up to his ears.

"Your grip is too tight," Harry said at the next DA meeting. He circled a hand around Theo's wrist, feeling the jut of bone, the quick pulse of blood.

Theo froze, eyes darting down and refusing to meet Harry's gaze.

"It should be firm but light." Harry covered Theo's hand with his own. "Just like your happy memory." He lifted Theo's wand in the air with their combined hands. A few sparks flew from the tip, as if by accident.

Theo pulled his hand away, eyes still trained on the ground. "Thanks," he said quietly, mouth barely moving.

"'Course," said Harry, shoving his hands in his pockets. His right one tingled from where it had touched Theo's. "Just doing my job."

Theo looked up sharply. "But it isn't your job. You aren't obligated to run this club and teach these spells. You don't need to be doing any of this." He waved a hand around, indicating the mass of practising students behind him.

"Well, no, s'pose not." Harry frowned. "I don't really mind, though." He shrugged. "And if not me, who else would do it?"

Theo stared at him for an unnervingly long time. He stared for so long Harry began to think he had left something on his face from dinner. Finally, he said:

"You're a good teacher, Potter."

Harry was stunned. He could feel his whole body flushing from the compliment. He always had been weird with compliments, ever since the Dursleys' lack of positive attention growing up. He should probably thank Theo, right? Or was it more polite to refuse the compliment? Instead of doing either of those things, he said:

“Please, call me Harry.”

“Expecto Patronum!” Theo called. A great silver mass leapt from the tip of Theo’s wand and soared around the room.

“Wonderful!” Harry praised as the animal approached and wove between his legs. They were alone in the Room of Requirement this time, Theo needing extra lessons to cast his Patronus, and they were squeezing in as many lessons as they could before the winter holidays.

“I had no idea your Patronus would be a —”

“It’s not really that surprising.” Theo looked away. He watched the Patronus glide through the air, skeletal and eerie.

Harry walked over to stand beside him. He wanted to reach over, maybe lay a hand on his shoulder like he had during that first lesson, but he wasn’t sure if it would be welcome.

“I didn’t realise you could see them. They’re only visible to people who have seen death before.” He himself could only see them after the horrible ending to the Triwizard Tournament last year, which he tried his best not to think about.

“I know,” said Theo, fidgeting with his green tie. “I’ve been able to see them since I was five.”

“Oh,” said Harry. This time when he got the urge, he actually did lay a hand on Theo’s shoulder. “I’m, erm, sorry.”

Theo flinched but otherwise didn’t move. “It’s alright. It was a long time ago.”

“It may have been a long time ago, but that doesn’t mean it isn’t still important.”

Theo turned until he was facing Harry. “Is that what you really think?”

“‘Course.” Harry blinked. “Why wouldn’t I?”

Theo laughed, unamused. “That isn’t what my father thinks. He thinks I just need to forget about it. Like if I ignore it for long enough, it will just go away.”

“Well, that’s a stupid thing to believe. He sounds like a nitwit.”

Theo laughed, a real one this time.

Unnoticed by them both, they'd gradually drifted closer in the doorway, Harry's hand lingering on Theo's shoulder. They were so close now that Harry could practically feel the warmth of Theo's smile.

Theo looked up suddenly and laughed for the third time that night.

"Mistletoe," he said, pointing up.

"Oh!" Harry cleared his throat. "I, uhh… I didn't mean to pressure you or anything. The room must have picked up on my feelings, and I don't know how to —"

Theo leaned in and silenced him with a kiss. It was soft and warm and light, exactly how Harry thought kissing would feel and more. Butterflies erupted in his stomach, and blood rushed to his cheeks.

Theo pulled back and smiled. His own cheeks were equally rosy. What he said next set Harry's whole body flushing and his heart into overdrive.

"You're a good kisser, Harry."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!